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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1916.

A Line o' Cheer Each Day o' the Year.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

First printing of an original poem, written daily, for The Washington Herald.

A GOODLY GAME.
A pleasant game when you are ill
Is playing that you're well and strong;
The prize, well worth the winning still,
And easy won if you've the will,
Is that you will be so ere long.
(Copyright, 1916.)

There is no suggestion as yet that the pacifists are responsible for that fire in the military equipment shop.

The circumference of the knothole through which the Greeks have been jumping back and forth is rapidly diminishing.

The Department of Labor is planning to investigate the high cost of living in the District. Some interest might be aroused if it were planning to reduce it.

The war has brought about many startling changes, but if it succeeds in putting Quantico, Va., on the map it would seem that the limit will have about been reached.

Hasn't almost enough evidence been disclosed to gratify the wish of Von Papen's correspondent, R. V. M., that there shall be a "day of reckoning" here?

A veteran New York cabman is dead, leaving a fortune of \$50,000 which he accumulated as the driver of his own cab. He must have been almost as good a counter as a taxicab meter.

Shares of Steel preferred were given by Mrs. Elbert H. Gary as prizes to guests at her bridge party. And in some quarters her popularity as a hostess hereafter will rise and fall with the prices on Wall Street.

A juror in New York broke up a breach of promise trial by going home when a five-minute recess was declared. Some of the letters read in the case were calculated to drive the jurors into the wilds of New Jersey.

Another bill providing for government ownership of merchant ships is soon to be introduced in Congress. For some days the legislators have been looking for something belonging to the administration to kick around.

Germany's attempts to refute the evidence discovered in Von Papen's letters and check books are amusing when coupled with protests against the seizure of them by the British. But there is no sense of humor in Berlin.

The chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations was evidently hard pressed for an answer to the demand for action in Mexico when he intimated that Senators would not make such demand but for the fact that they were past the military age.

Representative "Cyclone" Davis, of Texas, who is accused of violating a pledge to his constituents by wearing a collar in Washington, explains that his wife's tears made him do it. It only remains for the good woman to do the House another service by weeping a necktie on him.

A confessed spy, arrested in this country at the instigation of the British authorities, escaped from his guard, with whom he had gone from jail to luncheon, in New York yesterday. If we can't catch these spies, conspirators and dynamiters ourselves, we ought at least make arrangements to hold them when they are chased into our jails.

Quartermaster General Aleshire told the House Military Committee that equipment for 500,000 men in army or militia depots, and manufacturing concerns could easily turn out equipment for 300,000 more in ninety days. So there is no real reason to lie awake nights trembling in fear of a Mexican invasion, unless the pacifists have succeeded in poisoning the patriotism of our men of military age.

Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, of the New York Evening Post, writes in that newspaper: "It is not impossible that the President's selection of Joseph Johnson as postmaster of New York will prove to be a turning point in his career. Beyond doubt it is the worst blow that has been struck at his administration, and all the sadder since it is self-inflicted." What do Mexico, Lusitania, Arabia, Ancona and preparedness amount to compared with the stupendous undertaking of choosing a postmaster for N' York?

The District's corporation counsel, in advocating the proposed change in the public school system, said: "I will say for the present Board of commissioners, that they have not permitted politics to change the personnel of the District service, despite the great pressure which is continually being brought on them by Senators and Representatives." But what assurances have the citizens of Washington that future District Commissioners will offer such strenuous resistance to the "great pressure" from the Capitol, if absolute control of the school system is in their hand?

Inviting a Real Blockade.

Publication of statistics comparing the quantity of exports of foodstuffs, cotton and various manufactures from the United States to Germany and to neutral European countries in 1915 with the quantity sent to the same countries in 1913 has aroused indignation in England, coupled with a demand for a more rigid blockade, that shall be supported by a firm declaration to support it by each of the entente powers. The figures covering two items are sufficient to explain this demand for a more effective blockade and the allies' resentment of the intimation that the Washington government will insist upon a modification of the methods adopted for the purpose of keeping supplies from reaching their enemies.

In 1913 the United States sent 12,000,000 bushels of wheat to Germany, and in 1915 15,000 bushels. In 1913 19,000,000 bushels of wheat went to European nations now neutral, and in 1915 50,000,000 bushels.

Of cotton the United States in 1913 sent 1,170,000 bales to Germany, and in 1915 1,040,000 bales. To European countries now neutral 53,000 bales of cotton were exported in 1913, and in 1915 1,100,000 bales.

Probably no one will demand an elaborate argument to prove the ultimate destination of the great bulk of these enormously increased exports to neutral countries in 1915. Even Senator Hoke Smith and the one newspaper that has been raving with him about the allies' interference with our commerce may be expected to concede that they went to Germany. And now that there is danger that the markets may soon be closed to the greater portion of these enormous exports of our products it is time to ask what service these agitators have rendered to their country. Senator Hoke Smith will have to answer that question to the cotton growers of the South if the allies make their blockade really effective.

It is not certain that the administration will insistently renew its demands for a modification of present methods. If such was its recent determination, that may have been modified, as a more determined policy is being considered by the allies. Whatever the course of the Washington government, however, it will not be influenced by the outbursts of Senator Hoke Smith and his lone newspaper supporter. All they have accomplished is to focus attention here and abroad upon our enormous exports to neutral Europe and to create a demand in England and France for drastic blockade measures that if adopted will mean the loss of billions of dollars a year to the people of the United States.

The allies have been considerate to the utmost limit of our commercial interests. They have finally been goaded into resentment of the demands that, for the trivial embarrassment caused to our shipping, they shall be held to stricter account than the murderers of American women and babies. It may even yet be within the power of this government to prevent the extension and tightening of the blockade; there is no hope that it can bring about a modification of the present methods, and the whole question is yet to be adjudicated. Washington may take its choice of demanding rights that may not belong to us, getting much less and running into a diplomatic deadlock or dealing with the situation calmly as becomes the statesmen of the administration and the debatable commerce that is ours at present. It is the course dictated by the rules not only of good sense, but of good business. American rights on the high seas are in no danger; in the end justice will be done by the highest court that civilization can convene. But in the allies' extremity we can hope for no great diplomatic victory for uninterrupted commerce such as we are supposed to have won for humane submarine warfare; so why force a fight that is already lost?

Washington Speaks to Congress Today.

This morning at 10:30 o'clock, the subcommittee on Education, of the House Committee on the District of Columbia, will begin a hearing upon the merits of the change in the city's educational system recommended by the District Commissioners, a change which would give them absolute control of the public schools of Washington, with power to appoint and remove the members of the Board of Education. Practically every civic organization in Washington has formally expressed its disapproval of the proposed change, the last important body to take negative action being the Board of Trade, which held a special meeting for the purpose yesterday, when but a single vote was registered in favor of the Commissioners' plan. Against the united opposition of the citizens of Washington, whose interests are at stake, stand only the District Commissioners and one or two subordinate officials. Not one sound argument has been presented in favor of the proposed change, while on the other hand half a dozen convincing reasons have been advanced against it. It only remains for those forty or more organizations of citizens who have expressed themselves in public meetings to send representatives to the hearing in the House District Committee room today to place before the subcommittee the record of their opposition.

The Herald was the first newspaper to direct public attention to the menace to the public school system contained in the Commissioners' recommendation, and it has since constantly urged vigorous opposition by the citizens. Today Washington will speak its opinion with one voice, and a manifestation of the popular will concerning a matter of District government unprecedented in the Capital's history may be looked for. There need be no fear that Congress will fail to heed it.

O'Gorman on Thin Ice.

It looks as though Senator O'Gorman had lost his head or lost his hope of re-election or he would not have declared himself in favor of prohibiting the export of munitions or have taken the pusillanimous stand he did that Americans had better keep off from ships so that belligerents might not drown them. Mr. O'Gorman's successor will be elected next November by the vote of the people, and while his candidacy might excite prodigious interest and enthusiasm of citizens who take the view that he does of American duties and able to make up for their lack of numbers by the fervor of their support.—Rochester Post.

The Hand of Roosevelt.

If Col. Roosevelt did not write the official pronouncement issued by the Progressive National Committee at Chicago, the suspicion is justified that he dictated it. The declaration is car-marked with the familiar Rooseveltian catch phrases, and though the hand may have been Esau's, the voice is unmistakably Jacob's. The only doubt about the authorship is raised by the absence of the word "righteousness," which does not occur once in the column-long manifesto.—Philadelphia Record.

The Kaiser.

(In Two Parts—Part 1.)
By JOHN D. BARRY.

The most interesting world-figure just now is Kaiser Wilhelm, all the more interesting because he is the most baffling. There are those who believe he is a second Napoleon. And there are those who think he is not and say that he only believes he is a second Napoleon. At any rate, anything written about him now from sources of information either real or apparent is likely to find a wide reading.

A book of this kind, with the somewhat pretentious title, "The Real Kaiser," and the more pretentious subtitle, "An Illuminating Study," I have been lately enjoying. Though it lights up certain aspects of the Kaiser's character, it cannot be accurately described as illuminating. It is casual and suggestive and entertaining, and occasionally amusing.

For personal reasons the writer prefers to remain anonymous. He doubtless speaks the truth when he intimates that his is no great name; but he writes cleverly. His sympathies are English to the last degree, and his point of view and his spirit and his use of words all suggest possible American affiliations.

"Who is the Kaiser?" the writer asks in the first chapter. He has several answers. One is that the Kaiser is not, as people often say, the Emperor of Germany. He is the German Emperor. Though he once jokingly remarked that he had drained the last drop of English blood out of his veins, he can't help remaining the son of an English princess, sister of the gentleman now remembered as King Edward the Seventh. It is notorious that after the death of his father, he and his mother had painfully strained relations. He apparently took pride in showing to the world that he did not lean toward the English side of the house and that he was German clear through.

Some of us can remember pretty distinctly the coming to the throne of the young Kaiser, a most interesting and dramatic occasion. For years afterward he was the great entertainer of the world, the most ridiculed of sovereigns. He completely overturned the popular idea of the way a ruler ought to behave, greatly to the delight of those who liked to see power at what they considered a disadvantage and of those who enjoyed familiar gossip about the great ones of the earth. He traveled untiringly, almost furiously. He wrote plays and verses and music. He drew architectural plans. He managed theaters and directed rehearsals. He delivered speeches and sermons.

It seemed absurd that a monarch should do these things at all and impossible that he should do any of them well.

Meanwhile, William went on attending to public affairs. Gradually it dawned upon the world that he was something very much greater than a buffoon. Perhaps the most wonderful proof of his genius he gave when he overcame and silenced ridicule, the deadliest of foes and the most relentless.

The Kaiser's personal appearance is described with minuteness, but unsympathetically. The face is well enough known. The figure is about 5 feet 8 inches in height and has grown finely rounded with years, without becoming fat. The Kaiser deplores fat, especially among his subjects. He advises the German girls to avoid sweets and the German boys to regulate their fondness for beer. The infirmity of the left hand and arm is mentioned, and the Kaiser's skill in minimizing the defect by the use of the right hand and arm is emphasized. In walking, the imperial figure is soldierlike. On a horse, it is magnificent. Of late the face that used to break into smiles with great ease has become stern. The author attributes the change to pose. There may be other reasons. I can well believe that, as a German woman who knows him remarked the other day, since the outbreak of the war he has aged 20 years. However, in the middle fifties, he is still a man of mighty vigor and, at the moment of writing, there are no signs that he thinks of retiring.

I was myself once privileged to see the Kaiser. The occasion was a performance of Nicolai's light opera founded on "The Merry Wives of Windsor." During the first act there was a slight rustling through the opera house. People in the audience kept turning their heads. I followed the direction of their eyes, and there, in the enclosure that stood in the center of the first balcony, obviously the royal box, sat a handsome gentleman, in the full flush of, not the middle-aged, but the youthful forties, the blue eyes shining with mirth, the cheeks red from exercise in the open air, the lips parted in a smile. During the rest of the performance I did not see much of what passed on the stage. But I caught the reflections of what passed from that royal face, singularly human and unconscious, evidently blessed with the power of completely doing one thing at a time.

Besides being many other things, the Kaiser is a literary man. The literary quality he conspicuously displays in his speeches. He has even the literary man's weakness for running to phrases. To his credit he has several that have caught the ear of the world, including "the mailed fist," "grasping a trident," and "a place in the sun." Even this somewhat hostile biographer concedes that he is a great orator, in spite, you see, of his being a literary man.

On the whole the Kaiser is decidedly many-sided. He has made the most of his astonishing opportunities. For twenty-five years he distinguished himself for his determined keeping of the peace. And when he made war he had the distinction of starting the greatest war in history. It is plain enough that, whatever he undertakes, he does on a large scale. "Some modest Yankee scribbles" is credited with saying, "He is of the stuff that would have made a first-class American," a statement that some people might consider libelous. "I wish your Majesty were an Englishman," Cecil Rhodes once remarked. "Then I could make you my business manager."
(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

OUR COUNTRY
OUR PRESIDENT
A History of the American People
by WOODROW WILSON
THE RISING TIDE.

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Meanwhile Mr. Calhoun was dead (March 21, 1850), while the compromise yet hung doubtful, and the President himself (July 9, 1850), of a sudden fever; and Mr. Fillmore was President, a man more amenable to the control of the leaders of Congress and of his party than the sturdy soldier had been whom he succeeded.

The face of affairs had changed again when the settlement of the principles of compromise.

It meant more than the mere passing away of a notable figure that Mr. Calhoun was dead at such a juncture.

Eight years before he had told his friends upon what single principle he had acted since 1825, and maintained as long as he remained upon the field of action. He had opposed Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay, had first supported General Jackson and then turned from him, had acted with the Whigs against Mr. Van Buren and with Mr. Tyler against the Whigs always with this one hope and purpose.

He had utterly repudiated all compromise, had denied the possibility of an equilibrium between the slave States and the free, and had declared the common domain of the country to be devoted to justice and liberty.

He believed, he said, that slavery was a great evil, that the salutary influence of violence and the ripening influences of humanity; that "all measures which fortified slavery or extended it tended to the consummation of violence and the strengthening of its extension or abated its strength and tended to its peaceful extinction; and that no makeshift or avoidance could make the issue either slow or doubtful."

Mr. Calhoun had died with these things in his ears, face to face with the very tragedy he had striven with all the intensity of his deep nature to avert.

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Hudson Maxim's Picture of Fate of Unprepared U. S.

In a recent number of Harper's Weekly, Hudson Maxim, author and inventor, whose timely articles on military topics have attracted wide attention, discusses "The Effect of the War on American National Life." The great lesson for this country, as he sees it, is preparedness, and he looks forward to the day when the "Piffle" shall be scuttled and Uncle Sam's liver shall no longer be white. It is his opinion that "if we Americans could only foreknow the urgent need that we are going to have for adequate means of defending ourselves when the present great conflict is over there would be such a call to arms in this country as was never before voiced by a people." He proceeds to draw this harrowing picture:

"The pacifists have assured us that even should a general European war come, the belligerents would meet and fight in a brotherly way, with pity and tenderness in their hearts, and that they would do the thing gently, with tear-streaming eyes and upwelling of ever-soot in their nostrils."

"But nothing of the sort has happened. On the contrary, things have happened of such cruelty as to make the shade of old Attila green with envy and the frown of him turn in his grave."

"It is strange how many of the last wars of the world have been fought during the past twenty-five years. And yet the pacifist assurance that the present great war is the last, and after this the millennium."

"Nothing can daunt their sanguine belief. If facts do not bear out their predictions, they will say that the facts are their own lack of foresight. A wise man has said, 'experience is a hard school, but dunces will learn at no other.' The American people at the present time dunces on the subject of national defense. The pacifists have made them believe falsely. The people cannot help it. They are not to be blamed for it, nevertheless, it will be their undoing."

Good and Bad Wars.
"By our great humbling and our ransom the American people will be taught that war is not of necessity an intrinsically bad thing any more than fire is of necessity an intrinsically bad thing; that war must be qualified by an adjective that can have either a good or a bad meaning. They will then know that there are good wars as well as bad wars—that a war of aggression against a peaceful nation is a bad war, and that a war of defense is a good war."

Mr. Maxim finds that "old Mars, the god of war, has a Jekyll-Hyde personality. The Jekyll side is the peace-loving side, and the Hyde side is the war-loving side. The Jekyll side is the good side, and the Hyde side is the bad side. The Jekyll side is the side that we should cultivate, and the Hyde side is the side that we should suppress."

"In the face of the bad Mars posing as a pacifist, there is a cave of the winds who loathe the air with eloquence, and on platform and pulpit throughout the land. He is cheered to the echo, and his women hearsers shed tears of sympathy when he declares the horrors of war, which he declares that he has never seen, but which, as a matter of fact, he is doing everything in his power to bring down upon them."

"After the war comes his mask of hypocrisy is thrown aside, and he stands, stark in his satanic majesty. He no longer pretends to pour oil upon the troubled waters; he pours chlorine upon the troubled waters. He has never been changed with life-extinguishing fumes, and the dear ladies, who contributed their coin and their tears when they were his audience, about a war of aggression, now, and they contribute their virtue, most unwillingly but most generously, to a savage soldiery, and many of them become camp-following harlots."

The Part of the Good Mars.
"When the god of war is Dr. Jekyll, he is of course a good god. But when he comes, he tells the people that the hot air emitted by the pacifists is laden with the pestilence of war, and that they must quarrel against it as they do against any pestilence. He tells them that they must insure against the fire of war just as they insure against any other fire."

"But his warnings are unavailing; his words fall on deaf ears."

"After war comes, we find the good Mars, who is Dr. Jekyll, in the hospital working for the wounded till he falls of weariness; we find him, with a red cross upon his arm, and always ready to die with the soldiers to save all the lives he can. Dr. Mars the good fights only in self-defense, and then he fights as a doctor, never killing for conquest, never for plunder, but only and always as a savior of somebody or something."

"Albert the Great, Albert the Noble, King of the Belgians, is a good Martian. He has never been in the line of battle, but he has been in the line of duty."

"When this country is invaded, our destiny will be in the hands of the good Mars. He will be the only physician who will cure the nation in blood and gold. After our humbling, and after our ransom, American life will still be in the hands of the good physician, Dr. Jekyll Mars."

"We Americans must put on sackcloth and ashed in the embers of our burning homes before we can find wisdom, and we must say the grace of wisdom in blood and gold. After our humbling, and after our ransom, American life will still be in the hands of the good physician, Dr. Jekyll Mars."

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